

# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

### Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 1/2-16 wide for single column, and 4 1/2-16 for double column. The lines must come within these measurements.

#### Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

#### POETRY.

##### Let Us Be Kind.

Let us be kind.  
The way is long and lonely,  
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—  
Let us be kind.  
We cannot know the grief that man may know,  
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,  
But love can shine upon the way to-day.  
Let us be kind.  
This is a world that has no measure,  
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—  
Let us be kind.  
A tender word a smile of love in meeting,  
A song of hope and victory to those retreating,  
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—  
Let us be kind.  
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,  
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—  
Let us be kind.  
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,  
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,  
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—  
Let us be kind.

##### The Young Robin's Bath.

Oh, you little speckled beauty! splash away,  
I'll not hurt you, don't be troubled, only stay.  
Make the water in your fish tub fly in spray,  
You're the finest little robin here to-day.  
Mother robin with a cry flew to a tree,  
So this youngster didn't seem afraid of me;  
So he splattered in the water, full of glee,  
Giving to me every chance there was to see.  
So he spread his spotted wings and fluffed his breast,  
In a way he had not room to in his nest.  
And his black eyes shone their brightest and their best,  
As he splashed the water round with lively zest.  
'Twas a pretty sight to see the water fly  
Like a fountain, o'er the robin, toward the sky.  
And 'twas sweet to hear his happy little cry,  
And to see him shake his feathers out to dry.

### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The way to know things is to work to find them out.  
The most expensive thing in life is the laziness of boyhood and girlhood.  
You cannot know things by doing as you please, only by doing as you must.  
Neglecting the lessons not liked is a sad mistake, they are the very lessons it pays to tackle.  
The lessons we enjoy and learn easily are not the ones which will perfect us in knowledge. We cannot get a masterful grip upon knowledge if we do not tackle lessons which seem to baffle us and master them.  
The spirit of mastery is attained by work and achievement and efficiency are the wages of toil.  
The joy of success is not the fruit of laziness. If you wish to experience real pleasure, you must find it in the successes of perseverance.  
Every good thing in life is worth working for.  
Get the habit of tackling work with a will instead of putting off things until tomorrow. The energy wasted in constant complaints if applied to hard lessons will make them easy to learn.  
Knowing when and how to tackle work makes work easier. Half the world fails because the distasteful job is postponed and tackled last when it is the thing which should be tackled and conquered first.  
The things we do not like need attention when we are fresh and energetic, not when we are weary or in a worried mood.  
We must learn early in life how to conquer little difficulties as this is the straight way to conquer bigger ones and every victory is a reward.  
Those who plan to do the hardest work at the close of day in this world instead of early in the day are the ones who do the poorest work if they do not fail utterly.

#### THE WINNERS OF PRIZES.

- 1—Irene Evans of Plainfield: a Thrift Stamp.
- 2—Edith Brooker, of Norwich: a Thrift Stamp.
- 3—Anna Gayneski, of Colchester: Boy Scouts in the Blue Ridge.
- 4—Mary Bobeck, of Columbia: a Thrift Stamp.
- 5—Gertrude Poirier, of Danielson:

### WIN A THRIFT STAMP

Winning Wide-Awake Letters are rewarded with a Thrift Stamp, with an extra Stamp for every fourth book won.  
State your preference, stamp or book.

#### Ruth Fielding in the Saddle.

6—Helen Grauman, of Norwich: a Thrift Stamp.  
7—Elizabeth J. Brown, of Pomfret Center: Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods.  
8—Helen M. Bates, of Plainfield: a Thrift Stamp.

#### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Wilhelmine Krauss of Lisbon: I thank you very much for the thrift stamp I will try again.  
Dorothy Pasnik of Norwich: Please excuse my neglect in not writing to thank you sooner. I was very pleased and surprised to find I had won a prize. I thank you very much and will try to win another.  
Ruth Davis of Canterbury: I received the thrift stamp you sent me and I thank you for it.

#### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

**Tame Squirrels.**  
I will tell you about tame squirrels that used to come to our house last summer.  
There was one that was very tame. We used to call her Dushy. She would come down from the tree when we called her name. After first making her nuts out of our hand, she would come down to watch for her and try to catch her. Sometimes she would bring others with her; but we would always pick out Dushy, for she was so tame and always acted the same.  
She would come into the house and sit on the edge of the table. When we did not see her, she would climb upon the screen door and scratch until we came. I hope they will come back this summer.

**A Dream.**  
There was once a boy who after coming home from school had to write a story about a potato. After he had written a little while he wanted to know why he had to write about a potato.  
He sat down to a desk and started to write, but while he was writing his head dropped lower and lower and very soon he was fast asleep.  
While he was sleeping a potato with a face at his side came in and awoke Tommy and said:  
"Tommy, my boy! I will help you to write about a potato because I am a potato."  
Tommy said: "Why do we have to write about a potato. Mother said I must write about a potato before I went to bed."  
"Then," said General Potato, "this is potato week and you must eat as many potatoes as you can or you are a slacker."  
"All right," said Tommy. "I'll eat as many potatoes as I can, and tell mother to fry me some potatoes instead of fried potatoes."  
"Then I won't call you a slacker," said General Potato, "but goodbye, it is getting late and I must go."  
It was General Potato, and he jumped out of bed, for his mother was calling him. It was only a dream.

CHARLES GUNDERMAN, Lisbon.

**An Ostrich Farm.**  
It is very dangerous for the keeper to enter the enclosure of the ostriches, for when the male is near, they have a quick temper and are easily angered. When the keeper or anyone enters an enclosure he has to carry a long stick with which to catch the neck of the bird so that it will not peck him.  
The male bird is sometimes worth \$50 or \$75. The beautiful feathers in the tail and wings sell readily in any market.  
One man is said to have earned about \$12,000 in one year.  
After the rainy season the male bird scoops a hole in the sand and the female lays her eggs there. One egg is laid every other day, until fifteen or twenty eggs are in the nest, or while before selling, there is a little sand placed over each egg to protect it from sun and heat.  
As soon as the young ostriches are hatched they are taken away from the old birds and kept near the house. They are kept warm at night in well-covered boxes.  
An ostrich will chase a man on horseback when it will run from a dog or any small animal, but it cannot kick lower than three feet from the ground.  
Each egg weighs from three to three and a half pounds.  
About three hundred feathers are picked from each bird, from the tail and wings. The feathers of each bird are worth \$20 a piece to the owner.  
The birds sold at one time for \$5,000 a pair, but now you can get them for \$50 a pair, and raise them yourself.

HELEN BRAUMAN, Norwich.

**My Trip to Newport.**  
One hot day last summer my uncle came with some tickets to take me and my Aunt Marie to Newport on an excursion steamer. We took the boat at Providence. I was visiting in Pawtucket, R. I., for my summer vacation. After a little while we ate our lunch, which was exceedingly delicious. Then we took a little walk on the boat, which was very large.  
The band played many beautiful pieces and we all sang The Star Spangled Banner. It was very nice.  
Then we saw two good looking men coming toward us, and talking with them I found one was a Belgian and the other a Frenchman, and I asked them to sing as they told me they could. They sang La Marseillaise, which sounded very beautiful.  
It was a very pleasant afternoon and the sun was shining radiantly.  
After a short time the boat anchored and we got off and took the trolley to the city, which was a short distance away. We then went to a drug store and had some college boys to refresh ourselves. We then took a delightful little stroll through one of the city parks.  
We met hundreds of sailors on the streets, as Newport is a naval station, which was about to start. On the way back I saw ten warships along the coast and I saw many nice little light-houses.

We reached Providence at 11.15 p. m. and took the trolley for Pawtucket.

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We reached home at 11.35 p. m. and I was very tired but happy.  
I went to bed dreaming of the pleasure I had had in Newport. I got up very late on the next morning and was very drowsy all day long.  
GERTRUDE POIRIER, Age 13, Danielson.

#### A School Garden.

The way we came to have a school garden was this. One day a man came in and wanted all of us who could to have a school garden. Of course, all of us said we would have one. So the next afternoon the teacher had us out of school to go with the supervisor to the garden.  
The land had been plowed in the morning. The supervisor measured plots for each of us. Then we set to work. We planted the garden. When the plants came up we weeded and watered them.  
One morning when we came out we noticed that some of the plants' leaves had been bitten off. It looked like Mr. Woodchuck's work. So we looked around for his hole. We set a trap there and Mr. Woodchuck never came and ate our plants after that. When our plants were big and ripe we took them to an exhibition. One of our number won the first prize.  
HOWARD WILCOX, Age 11, Plainfield.

#### The Old Hop River School.

The Old Hop River School is located about two miles from Columbia Center and three miles from Willimantic. The people in this district work in factories or on small farms. They are all very much interested in Red Cross work, and on Saturday we had \$2.12 as a result of this second Red Cross War Fund drive.  
All the children in our school are members and have worked hard for this organization. We have made three hundred dozen run wipers, forty-three face cloths (knit), hemmed a dozen towels and made two dozen scrap books for the children.  
At Christmas time, instead of changing Christmas presents we gave the money which amounted to \$12.75 and in April we contributed \$12.75 as a special gift.  
During the summer we expect to meet at least once a week with our teachers to continue our Red Cross work; and perhaps plan an entertainment.

KATIE BOBECK, Age 10, Columbia.

#### A Red Cross Entertainment.

We have been very busy the past week preparing for a Red Cross entertainment which was given in the Old Hop River school house on Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the Red Cross War Fund.  
We memorized practically all of our songs and poems so that there was no prompting. There were 36 numbers in the program.  
In the composition, "A Brief History of Columbia," Alvin Greene told us how much Columbia has done in war time.  
The children in one district have \$25.25 in war saving certificates and Thrift Stamps. Our school has only \$20.50, but we have earned every cent of it. Three of our children have \$50 Liberty Loan bonds.  
In the Third Liberty Loan campaign Columbia went 150 per cent over its quota.  
We gave four short plays: "Keeping Store," which well earned out for Alvin Greene as storekeeper, and six other plays. "Masquerading" was a comic play, represented by two children dressed up in ancient clothes. Tommy, the fisher, singing "Auld Lang Syne."  
The third, "Visitors from Store Land," was represented by Blanche Potter on outboard, Alice Charles as "Red Riding Hood," Helen Green as "Silverhairs," David Kahlenberg as "Jack the Giant Killer," Katie Greene, as "The Boy," and Katie Bobeck, as "The Girl."  
The last, "The Key," was represented by five children, one of whom had lost the key to his arithmetic and was in great distress.  
The closing recitation was "The Red Cross Nurse."  
An offering was then taken while the school sang "Do a Bit of Kindness Now." We collected \$112 from the few people present, although no set fee was given.

MARY BOBECK, Age 11, Columbia.

#### From Farmer to Soldier.

Before this war broke out I was a different farmer working on a farm of fifty acres. I was then nearly twenty-one, when unexpectedly war broke out. I was among the number in the first draft.  
"Two months elapsed before I was sent to camp. I cannot go into detail of all the doings and hardships during the three months spent here, but it was neither the lack of food nor clothing which made us suffer, but the weather, for it was then mid-winter.  
Notice was given us that we were to sail for France the next day. The evening was spent in packing our equipment and writing letters to the dear ones at home.  
The next day was foggy and a slight rain was beginning to fall, but this did not prevent our sailing.  
On our voyage we encountered many storms, but at last we reached our destination.  
Some days elapsed and then we were sent to work in a trench. A trench was dug and the work was accomplished.  
While resting we heard a shrill, German whistle and our arms were rushed toward their camp. Having plundered and killed many men, we returned to our rendezvous. Many of our comrades were killed, but the German camp also was a terrible sight to witness after that night raid.  
CATHERINE PLIZZA, Age 13, Colchester.

#### My Brother Leaving For France.

I wrote to the Wide-Awakes sometime ago telling them that my brother was in the army and had been at Camp Gordon for six months.  
About a month ago we received a letter saying he was leaving for Camp Upton, Long Island, and would like to have some one of the folks come to see him as he would be there but a few days.  
My mother and two sisters and brother-in-law started for Camp Upton at once. They went by boat from New London and then got the train for Camp Upton, the next morning arriving there at 11 o'clock. It was past 12 when they found my brother, as the camp is very large.  
He was just washing his dinner dishes when his visitors were announced. He looked very fat and strong, and was delighted to see them. He said he was going to bed at 8 o'clock and then had to bid him farewell. The parting was very sad and hard to hear, but the folks managed to get home early the next morning.  
The following morning we received a card saying they were starting away. Two weeks after that we received an official notice that he had arrived safely overseas. We haven't heard from him since, but pray and hope he is well and alive, as most of Uncle Sam's men are at present.

ANNA GAYESKI, Age 13, Colchester.

#### The Three Spinners.

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HER NEW HAT, by Ethel E. Place of Danielson.

mother might say as she liked, but it had no effect. At last she lost her patience and struck the girl who set up a loud cry.  
At once the queen came in and asked what was the matter.  
The girl's mother was ashamed to expose her daughter's laziness so she said: "Because I can not make her stop spinning."  
The queen answered: "I am never happier when I see a girl who spins than when I see a girl who does not spin." The girl's mother was so frightened because she knew she could not spin, so she sat down and wept but just then the queen opened and in came three women, one had a large underlip, the second had a large foot, and the third had a large thumb.  
The girl told them her trouble and they said if you marry the king's son you will have to spin for him. So you go and spin for him. The girl went and spun for him. The king was so pleased with her spinning that he gave her a large sum of money.  
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HELEN M. BATES, Age 11, Plainfield.

#### My School.

Dear Uncle Jed: The school I attend is the Danielson school. It consists of eight rooms with one grade in each room. There are four rooms on the lower floor and four on the upper floor. School begins at 9 o'clock in the morning and closes at 3:30 in the afternoon. We have an assembly room on the third floor which we also use as a dining room. The children who bring their dinners eat one hour in this room. We have a teacher also who takes charge of us. As I live three miles from school I have to bring my dinner.  
The little boy said: "I didn't do it for the love of money. I did it for the love of my flag."  
JOHNIE LAMONIE, Age 11, Voluntown.

#### Her Precious Jewels.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a new member. I have been reading the stories every Thursday and so I thought I would write.  
Cornelia was a beautiful lady who lived in Rome many years ago. She had two boys, and never did mother and sons love each other more tenderly than they.  
"How beautiful our mother is!" the boys would say softly as they saw her go about the house and garden.  
"How fortunate we are to have two such sons!" the mother would think as she watched them at their studies or their games.  
One day a lady dressed in the richest of silks and wearing the costliest of jewels came to call upon Cornelia. She brought with her a basket of wonderful beauty. The lady had brought out to the visitor said: "I have shown you all my jewels. Pray, where are yours?"  
At that moment Cornelia's boys returned from school and came up to greet their mother. Putting her arms about them, Cornelia said proudly: "These are my jewels. They are more precious in Rome; no, not in all the world."  
CATHERINE DRISCOLL, Age 9, Norwich.

#### Falling in the Ham.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day I sat in my mother's ham. The way I happened to fall in was I came down in from the yard to get my hoop. It was in the back room. When I went to get my hoop I fell in the ham. I cried so loud my mother thought I was killed. She put some soda on me, and the next day I felt fine.  
DANIEL O'NEIL, Age 6, Norwich.

#### Patriotic School Exercises.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have joined the Junior Red Cross. It costs 25 cents to join. Several in the school have joined. We haven't received the pins yet.  
We have a patriotic afternoon every Friday. First we salute the flag, then we sing songs, recite quotations and read out of patriotic leaflets. My teacher reads patriotic stories and then we copy recipes. We have only a five-minute recess.  
After recess each child tells a current event and takes part in the physical exercises. Sometimes we do knitting the last 40 minutes. The boys make trench candles while the girls knit or cutting up rags for pillows.  
I went up to my friend Helen's house and stayed all night on her birthday. She is coming down to my house some night after vacation. We are going to have our vacation the 22d.  
MARION BROWN, Age 10, Moosup.

#### ASHFORD

Miss Leola Poole is home for the summer.  
The Memorial services held in Warrenville Friday were well attended. The service by Rev. Mr. Puffer of Stafford Springs was very interesting.  
Thomas Pitts returned home Sunday after spending a week in Willimantic. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett visited in Southbridge Sunday.  
Mrs. McIntire and son moved from Providence Sunday and called on her brother, John Whitford.  
Mrs. Albert Clarke is ill.

To an address from the Congress of German Chambers of Commerce, the Kaiser replied: "The last few months have brought us successes which justify our title to a strong peace which shall open new roads to victorious German commerce and give complete freedom for the development of our industry. To this employers are equally entitled."

RED CROSS NURSE, by Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs.

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France going to school with gas masks on, and some had been hurt in a raid.  
I am glad that I live in the United States. I feel sorry for those little boys and girls.  
We never buy any more candy now, but use our money for stamps.  
I feed the hens and go after milk every night.  
ERWIT BROKER, Age 8.

#### A Gentleman.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a little boy who was very unmanly and everybody used to hate to go by him. But one day I passed him and he tipped his hat politely and said a few polite words, and I was very much astonished at his unaccustomed politeness. But come to find out he had a new teacher who was teaching the pupils politeness.  
I was telling my mother about it and she said that was one sign of a gentleman, providing he tips his hat to his mother and sisters, as well, and always thinks of other people first, and then if he wears patent leather shoes, or no shoes at all, he is a true gentleman.  
IRENE EVANS.

#### Driving Home the Cows.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer my sister and I drove home the cows every night. One night about 4 o'clock it began to look as if it was going to rain, so we started after the cows. When we got to the barnyard the cows were not in sight. We called for a while, but the cows did not come. We started toward the barn, but we usually found them if they were not at the bars. We did not get very far when we saw the cows coming. The sky was getting darker every minute. All of a sudden a flash of lightning swept the sky. How we hurried, but not fast enough. I let down the bars, and my sister drove the cows through.  
Before we got to the house we were drenched to the skin. My sister did not want to go any way, to buy thrift stamps, and another is to be a member of the Junior Red Cross.  
I am in the sixth grade and my room has a hundred thrift stamps. I have only four thrift stamps, but I am a member of the Junior Red Cross.  
One twenty-cent thrift stamp would help to buy our soldiers' ammunition.  
HARRY MORSE, Age 10, Norwich.

#### The Greedy Fox.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a fox who was so greedy he wanted to pick a fight. The fox said: "How dare you dirty the water that I am drinking?"  
The lamb answered: "How can I? It runs from you to me."  
The fox said: "I have had enough to do with you a year ago."  
The lamb said: "Dear sir, how can that be, for I was not born a year ago?"  
"Well, it was some of your relations then, and in spite of them all I shall eat you up," the fox said.  
MABEL GAFFNEY, Age 13, Baltic.

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